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ments for the benefit of other
persons, as well as all legal advertise-
ments, and advertisements of real
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Job Printing
in its various branches, executed
with despatch.
P. A. PRATT, & WM. MESSER

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Poetry.

MINISTERING ANGELS.

BY EMILY B. CHURCH.

personal of the following beautiful poem
I feel to quicken in every bosom sad remem-
ber of some departed dear one; and how
ling to the stricken heart would the reflec-
tion, that their faded spirits still hover about
our good while here, and "to guide us to
sky" when we bid adieu to the scenes of

Mother, has the dove that nestled
Lovingly upon thy breast,
Folded up its little pinion,
And in darkness gone to rest?
Nay, the grave is dark and dreary,
But the lost one is not there;
Heart thou not its gentle whisper,
Floating on the ambient air?
It is near thee, gentle mother,
Near thee at the evening hour;
Its soft kiss is in the zephyr,
It looks up from every flower;
And when night's dark shadow flees,
Low thou bendest thee in prayer,
And thy heart feels nearest heaven,
Then thy angel babe is there.

McKen, hast thy noble brother,
On whose many form time eye
Laid full of pride to linger,
On whose heart thou couldst rely,
Though all other hearts deceive thee,
All proved hollow, earth grow drear;
Whose protection ever o'er thee,
Did thee from the cold world's sneer;
Has he left thee here to struggle,
All unaided on thy way?

Nay, he still can guide and guard thee,
Still thy faltering steps can stay;
Still when danger hovers o'er thee,
He than danger is more near;
When in grief thou'st none to pity,
He, the sainted, marks each tear.

Lover, is the light extinguished,
Of the gem that in thy heart
Hidden deeply, to thy being
All its sunshine could impart?
Look above! 'tis burning brighter
Than the very stars in heaven;
And to light thy dangerous pathway,
All its new found glory's given;
With the soul of earth's conningling,
Thou the loved one may'st forget,
Bright eyes flashing, tresses waving,
May have power to win thee yet;
But e'en then that guardian spirit
On will whisper in thine ear,
And in silence, and at midnight,
Thou wilt know she hovers near.

Orphan, thou most sorely stricken
Of the mourners thronging earth,
Clouds half veil thy brightest sunshine,
Sadness mingles with thy mirth,
Yet although that gentle bosom,
Which has pillowed off thy head,
Now is cold, thy mother's spirit
Cannot rest among the dead,
Still her watchful eye is o'er thee,
Through the day, and still at night,
Her eye that guards thy slumber,
Making thy young dreams so bright,
O! the friends, the friends we're cherished,
How we weep to see thee die—
All unthinking they're the angels
That will guide us to the sky!

Useful Hints.

NEW FASHIONED APPLE PIE.—Pare and
quarter the apples; scald them; beat them
with a spoon with some of the liquor; add
lemon peel, the juice of a lemon, or Seville
orange, or a part of a quince, when they are to
be got, cloves, white sugar finely powdered,
and a piece of butter; put a paste round the
dish, and cover it with bars or flowers of paste,
the excellence of the pie consisting of the sort
of apple and the goodness of the paste; the
fruit should be raised in the middle, as it will
shrink in the baking.

CHICKEN PUDDING.—Fricassee two young
chickens; season them slightly with a little
mustard powder, mace, nutmeg and salt, but
no pepper. Previously, take the giblets and
stew them down with a bit of meat to make gra-
vy; put two tablespoonfuls into the paste, and
keep the rest to fill up or put under the pud-
ding. Two hours will boil it.

TRANSPARENT PUDDING.—Beat eight eggs
very well; put them into a stewpan, with half
a pound of sugar pounded fine, the same quan-
tity of butter, and some nutmeg grated; set it
on the fire, and keep stirring it till it thickens;
put a rich puff paste round the edge of the dish;
pour in the pudding when cool, and bake it in
a moderate oven. It will cut light and clear.
You may add candied orange and citron if you
like.

STIFFNESS TO COLLARS.—A little gum Ara-
bic and common soda added to the starch gives
extreme stiffness and gloss to collars.

CABBAGE SALAD.—Dress a savory cabbage in
water; drain and dress it as you would a salad,
with salt, pepper, some Provencal oil and vine-
gar, adding one or two anchovies and a few cap-
sars; it may be served either hot or cold.

FIG PUDDING.—Six ounces of figs chopped
fine, six ounces of suet, three ounces of bread
crumbs, three ounces of sugar, three eggs, and
a little nutmeg. Boil it three hours. Pour
arrowroot custard over it.

RICE CAKE.—A quarter of a pound of ground
rice, a quarter of a pound of flour, half a pound
of finely powdered white sugar, five eggs. Beat
all well together till it froths; pour quickly into
a tin lined with buttered paper; bake three
quarters of an hour in a moderate oven. This
does nicely for a tipsy cake. It may be flav-
ored with almond or lemon.

CHEAP PUDDING.—Four ounces of suet, of
currants, raisins, and bread crumbs; 2 table-
spoonfuls of treacle, half a pint of milk. Mix
together, and boil in a mould or basin for
two hours.

A GOOD SHAVING PASTE.—White wax, sper-
maceti, and almond oil, of each a quarter of an
ounce; melt, and while warm beat in two
squares of Windsor soap, previously reduced to
a paste with rose-water.

Selected Tale.

From the Watchman and Reflector.

THE GIFT OF GOD.

'Just one year ago to-day, Henry,'
The lady said the words solemnly, and
under her breath, so that you would have
known at once, it was some great and
heavy sorrow of which she was speaking—
something so terrible in its experience that
her heart shrank and faltered with the
memory of the past.

'I know it, Alice, dear sister,' answered
the gentleman, and his dark eyes grew
moorful with sadness as they looked into
the bright grate fire, that was filling the
pleasant room with its crimson glow.—
'The thought has not been absent from
either of our hearts for a moment to-day,
though neither had courage to speak of it.''
'What great mysteries, depths of rich-
ness, of love and faith there are in that
prayer!' and now he was speaking more to
himself than to his listener.

'What prayer, Henry?'
And the lady laid down her sewing, and
looked with mournful fondness on her
brother.

'Sweet young man, and she had a fair,
sweet countenance, with azure eyes, and
delicate features, and her voice had that
soft, tender, low-rolling sound which al-
ways falls like healing upon the heart of a
mourner.

Her brother was a man in the prime of
his years, and though his face was strong
and manly, it had some of the winning ex-
pressiveness of his sister's.

One year ago that day, the shadow of
death had darkened the fair house of the
merchant, Henry Morford, and Ellen, the
gentle and dearly beloved wife of his youth,
had gone from the shelter of her fair home
on earth, to that upper homestead, whose
titles were bought by the life and the death
of the Son of God; that upper homestead,
over whose immortal roof the winds never
rise, and the rains never fall.

'That old prayer, Alice, which our
mother taught us, and which I said every
day through my childhood, and away up
into my youth and manhood, without
dreaming what was in it, until God took
away my darling, and then I knew what it
meant.' 'Thy will be done.'

Alice Morford drew closer to her brother,
and the tears still on her cheeks, as she
said, 'Ah, Henry, it took me a long time
to say that prayer for my heart.'

'And it cost mine a sharp strug-
gle,' laying her head down on his knee,
while he smoothed the bands of soft brown
hair, for the brother and sister were or-
phans, and dearer than anything in the
world to each other.

'But it is always so with God's words.
We never comprehend what is in them, un-
til some experience of our own touches the
springs of some blessed passage, and then
it is as if it were a fair garden, filled
with stately trees, and the boughs of some
are full of blossoms which fill the air with
fragrance, and the branches of others hang
with golden and purple fruits, and there
are songs there and sweet flowing waters;
and our souls are strengthened and healed.'

'Ah, go on, go on, Henry,' for Alice
looked up in her brother's face, and she
saw the light that overflowed it, making it
radiant, was the light of the soul.
'I thought I heard a footstep in the hall.'
'They must have forgotten to lock the
front door, and the wind has blown it open,'
exclaimed Alice, lifting her head, as the
blast of that winter night beat through the
hall.

And just as the gentleman was rising,
they caught the sound of a low, fluttering
tap at the door. He opened it quickly,
and a small child stood there, her face and
hands blue with the cold, her little mealy
clothed figure shivering, and her dark eyes
full of tears; altogether a half-frozen, pitif-
ful little object, the sight of which must
have touched any heart not exactly stone.

'Come in my child; what is it you want?'
said the merchant and he took the little
one in his arms, and set her down before
the bright grate fire, and Alice looked on
her with eyes full of surprise and pity.

'Please, sir, can you tell me the way to
the baker's? I've lost my way and can't
find it.'

'But such a little body as you ought not
to be out on a night like this. How in the
world did you get in here?'
'I saw the door was blown open and so I
came right in to ask you, for Miss Wa-
ters will be very angry if I don't get back
with the yeast.'

'And who is Miss Waters?' asked Al-
lice leaning forward and removing the
child's old, soiled brown hood from her
head, and a mass of beautiful golden, half-
tangled hair fell about her face.

'She's the woman I've lived with ever
since mamma died; to take care of the baby
and to run of errands. She lives in the
lower part of the house.'

'There was something in the little crea-
ture's quiet, intelligent manner and in her
clear articulation, strangely at contrast with
her miserable clothes; and the knowledge
that she was an orphan went at once to the
hearts of the gentleman and lady.

'Come to me, and I will warm your

hands,' said Mr. Morford, and he took the
little pinched fingers in his own, and rub-
bed them tenderly. 'Now tell us when
your mother died?'

'Last Spring, sir. She hired the front
chamber of Miss Waters, and took in sew-
ing—that was a long time after papa died.'

'And what is your name?'

'Ellen Sargent, sir.'

The gentleman drew the child close to
him with a caressing movement, for she
wore the name that was sweetest to him on
earth.

'And you like to live with this
Miss Waters, my little girl, and is she
kind to you, as your mother was?'

'Two great tears oozed out of the child's
eyes and stood still on her thin cheeks.

'Mamma loved me,' she said simply.

'And you don't think Miss Waters does?'

'She says I am dreadfully in the way, and
that it's quite too much to have other
people's children left on one's hands; and
all I'm good for is to take care of the baby,
and run errands; for I ain't strong.'

'Poor, poor child. Your appearance
tells your own story better than your words,'
said the gentleman, and he gathered her
up close to his heart.

She looked up to him with her dark,
wistful eyes, a moment, then the small thin
arms crept around his neck, 'I like you
very, very much,' murmured the child, and
as the soft heat of the room crept through
her chilled frame, the lids dropped over her
eyes, and she fell into a sound slumber with
her head carefully pillowed on the mer-
chant's breast.

It was a delicate, sweet face which rest-
ed there—notwithstanding it was worn and
soiled, the gentleman and lady saw this as
they watched the child's gentle breathings.
'We cannot let her go back to that wo-
man, brother.'

'No, Alice. We will keep her with us.
I will go and see Mrs. Waters in the morn-
ing, and I think I can induce her or com-
pel her to give up the child. Of course
she cares nothing for her.'

'Of course not, or she would not have
been so barbarous as to send her out on
such a night as this.'

'Poor little creature. My heart warms
over her already. To think we shall have
that dear name in our midst again. God
bless it.'

At last the little girl woke up with a
sudden start, and gazed round the room in
terror and bewilderment; but kind tones
soon reassured and comforted her.

'O, you won't send me back to Miss
Waters? I'm afraid she'll scold me,' she
moaned, and her face turned beseechingly
from the brother to the sister.

'No, my dear,' answered Alice Morford,
as she held before her the plate of tempt-
ing food, which a servant had just placed
on the table. 'You shall never go back
to that base woman again, but stay here
always if you like. Come, now, cheer up,
and try to eat some of this nice cake.'

The merchant was as good as his word.

The next morning he had an interview with
Mrs. Waters. She resided in an old,
brown, rheumatic house, not far from his
residence. She was a coarse, harsh, vul-
gar woman, with half a dozen burly chil-
dren, and the care of these, and an inter-
perate husband, pleaded some small ex-
cuse for the terrors, which was written
strongly on her face, as the heart can
write itself on the features.

She had been somewhat alarmed for the
safety of the little orphan, whom she had
sent on an errand the previous evening,
supposing the child knew the way, and at-
tempted to excuse herself, when Mr. Mor-
ford reproached her with the cruelty of her
conduct in allowing the child to go out on
such a dark bitter night, by saying her
boys were absent, and they had no bread
for supper.

She was quite willing to resign all
claims on Ellen, saying spitefully, 'she
thought it was bad enough for other peo-
ple to die in her house, without leaving
their children on her hands to support,'
and Mr. Morford was glad to escape from
the sound of her voice, thanking God that
he had rescued the little orphan from such
a home.

'Ellen,' said the merchant, and his voice
dwelt with a caress on the dear little
name. 'You are to be my little girl now,
and I am to be your father. Are you glad
to hear this?'

She came up to his side, and looked up
wistfully in his face. A single day had
wrought a great change in the child. She
wore a dark woollen dress, which had been
hastily revived and rejuvenated from Al-
lice's wardrobe, and her golden hair fell in
bright curls about her face.

'I shall like to be your little girl,' she
said, nestling up to the gentleman, 'and
you will love and take care of me, just as
mamma used to?'

'Yes,' lifting her on his knees, and kiss-
ing the fair forehead. 'I will deal tenderly
with you as your mother, my little Ellen.'

'And Henry, the child shall be unto both
of us a blessed gift, 'the gift of God,' said
his sister.

'Amen,' answered Henry Morford, and
then he repeated to himself those words of
the Master's, 'inasmuch as ye did it unto
the least of these, ye have done it unto
me.'

And again the brother and sister beheld
the beauty and glory and riches there are
in these words; for the key had been given
them to unlock their treasury and be-
hold the great jewels within.

THE TRAITOR'S CHILD.

The energies of the American troops
stationed at Fort Washington after their
evacuation of New York, were fully taxed
to repel the many sorties made by the
enemy against them. It required a con-
stant and careful watch upon the part of
Commander-in-chief to prevent a surprise,
and the more surely to effect this, a system
of observation was maintained along the
road, so that information passed from point
to point, was sure to reach the camp ere
the British could carry out their designs.
The majority of persons living on the line
from the city to Kingsbridge, gladly aided
in this plan of police, and thus rendered
essential service to the cause. One of this
number, however, a Mr. Jennings, at last
took umbrage from some order of Wash-
ington or his subordinate, and with a repre-
hensible cunning, he determined to aban-
don the Americans, and serve the interests
of the foe. So secretly were these plans
concocted and carried out, that no one out-
side of his own family suspected his disaf-
fection.

The British general accepted the offered
services, and pledged himself to pay large-
ly for them. It was proposed that a num-
ber of his troops should march as far as his
neighbors, who would, of course, commu-
nicate their movements to Jennings, who in
his turn, instead of passing the warning,
was to conceal the forces until reinforce-
ments could arrive, and a formidable dem-
onstration could be made against the fort.

'And for this service, in any event you
shall have a thousand pounds,' said the
British general to the traitor. 'Should it
eventuate in the entire overthrow of the
rebels, the sum shall be trebled, while oth-
er rewards shall be freely bestowed. You
are certain that you have confided the mat-
ter to no one?'

'Not a soul, save those of my own fam-
ily know of it,' Jennings replied.

'Of whom does your family consist?'

'My wife, who is an invalid, and an only
daughter.'

'How many are they affected by your
change?'

'I know not, nor do I care. But of
course they will follow my wishes, which
have ever been law to them. My daugh-
ter, however, or opinion, and even she would
never dare to give it expression.'

'I have heard that the majority of your
American females have imbibed a sort of
romantic attachment to George Washing-
ton, which might lead them to sympathy
with him but of course you are sure of your
child, and can answer for her.'

'With my life!'

'Suppose you allow me to invite her here.
It would be a safe thing, and at the same
time remove her from the suspicion of col-
lusion, should you be discovered.'

'I cannot part with her, sir.' She has
aided me heretofore and can do so again.
She is very obedient, so we need not fear
her.'

'Enough! Manage the matter yourself.
I am content! Now for our plans. To-
morrow at dusk a company of Captain
Trevor's command will be put in motion,
and arrive about midnight at your house.
You will conceal them and await the oth-
ers. When they are all gathered you will
guide them to the attack. The rebels be-
ing off their guard will fall an easy prey to
us.'

So far as the intentions of the British
officer was concerned, the mediated plans
were carried out, a number of picked men
were concealed at the house of Jennings
at a proper time marched towards their
destination. Under cover of the night
they had proceeded to the next station on
the road, when their advance was suddenly
checked.

A sharp rattle of musket balls which
seemed to have been designedly fired above
their heads, brought them to an immediate
halt. A second discharge gave them to
understand that their further progress
would be dangerous.

Captain Trevor, who was in command,
immediately gave orders for a counter-
march, and in less than ten minutes the
whole body were in a retrograde position.

We can hardly venture to describe the
feelings of chagrin, entertained by the orig-
inal plotter of this expedition, when in-
formed by Trevor of the unsatisfactory
result, as that officer handed him the gold
which had been promised, he threw it to
the ground with a violent gesture, and with
an oath swore that he would murder the
informers, whoever it might be; that had
thus defeated his hopes. In vain the king's
officer strove to calm him; the darker
passions of his nature were aroused and
would not be exorcised. While he was
thus storming and invoking maledictions
upon the head of the culprit, a fair girl
entered the apartment. There was a look
of intelligent firmness upon her pale coun-
tenance, as her eyes met those of her fa-
ther and quailed not.

'Come hither, Hester!' he cried. 'Do
you know what this matter is? Can you
tell me who sent word to Washington, re-
specting this expedition?'

Hester cast an appealing look upon the
officer, who, however, did not interfere be-
tween them.

'Did you hear my question?' roared
Jennings. 'Tell me, do you know aught
of this?'

'I do!' the girl replied, in a low tone.
'I thought so! Now tell me the per-
son's name.'

'It was I!'

'You! Serpent! You betray me—!'

'Father! hear me. I did send word to
our general that the enemy were to make
an attack upon the fort, but your name was
not mentioned as being a party to the ex-
pedition. No harm can come to you. I
know how ardently and long our country-
men had struggled against oppression;
how nobly they contended against superi-
or forces; how true was their devotion to
the cause in which they were engaged, and
I could not look on and see their destruction
attempted. I sent word of this, but in
saving them I did not betray you.'

'Enough that you have come between
me and my revenge. This be your reward.'

'He drew from his pocket a pistol and
deliberately aimed it at his child. She
moved not, did not even tremble, but Tre-
vor, shocked beyond measure at the horror
of the meditated deed, sprang towards the
wretch and raised his arm. The ball grazed
his head and was buried deep in the wain-
scot.

'Shame on you, man!' cried the officer
with indignation. 'Would you have her
blood on your hands? of what are you
composed. Is she not your child?'

'No!' cried Hester, with startling em-
phasis. 'I am not, or, at least, shall not
be for the future. I will not own a parent
who, to the crime of treason, can add that
of murder. I did expose your villainy and
would do it again. Nay, you may frown,
I fear you not! This last base act has
freed the natural current of my heart.'

'Then in a calmer and more feeling tone
continued:

'Father—'tis the last time I shall call
you so—I bid you farewell forever. Your
malediction may be hurled against me, but
never will you again look upon my face.—
Ere another day has passed Washington
shall know of your treachery. Your only
safety is in flight. In England you may
enjoy the fruit of your baseness, but here
you cannot remain. Farewell, forever!'
which she could no longer control, poured
rapidly down her cheeks. She repaired at
once to the bedside of her mother, in whose
soul the last flickerings of life were fast
fading. She knelt beside her and even as
she prayed, her worn spirit was released
from bondage!

'Alone! an orphan! God help me!' she
exclaimed as she pressed her trembling
lips to those that had so often met hers in
love.

Jennings lingered not long, soon after, he
was on his way to England, where he
lived, as traitors should, in splendid dis-
grace. Hester became the wife of a young
Revolutionary officer, and lived long enough
to give to her descendants the valuable ex-
ample of the Christian and the patriot moth-
er.

Boys, throw away that Quid.—Jim
would raise him towards manhood to chew
tobacco.

So, without thinking of the cost or
filthiness of this most disgusting one of hab-
its, he "learned how." One day during
the winter school, Jim wanted an Alge-
bra, and knowing he could expect no help
from himself into a Committee of Ways
and Means to obtain it.

He had but a short time before laid in
quite a stock of "fine cut" sufficient as
he thought to keep his mouth squirting
juice during the winter.

But the Algebra must be bought, and
the thought struck him how handy that
money would come to buy it. This led him
to calculate, as he was proceeding to
school, the amount he had paid during the
year for tobacco, and to his surprise he
found it would be more than sufficient to
purchase all the books he wanted. In
thinking of this, he resolved that he would
never purchase any more, but when he had
finished his present supply he would entire-
ly break off.

A very good resolution thought he, and
why not sooner? It does me no good; and
he concluded he would only use what he
had in his tobacco-box, and never touch
the rest. So he proceeded, rattling his
box, and thinking how soon he would be
rid of a habit already hateful to him; his
inward monitor says, why not now?—
Sure enough! So, taking his box he spilled
the contents all along the road, and threw
the box in the field, and as he rolled the
last quid in his mouth, and blessed his
stars that it was the last, he thought if he
was to quit at all, the sooner the better,
and he threw out the quid.

Boys, take pattern, and throw out the
quid, if any of you have acquired this mis-
erable habit, and you will some day be
thankful you are rid of it.

It is estimated that, at the present rate
of consumption, 100,000,000 tons per
annum, the coal-fields of Pennsylvania al-
one would meet the demand for 3164
years.

THINKING, EVER THINKING.

BY CARRIE CALDERWOOD.

Thinking, ever thinking,
Dreaming roves the mind,
Drinking, ever drinking,
Floods that roll behind,
Quaffing from the goblet,
That the past holds up,
Bitterness or sweetness
From a golden cup.

Thinking, ever thinking,
Weary, weary brain;
Linking, ever linking,
Memory's scattered chain.
Stealing, ever stealing,
Stealing from the past,
Sweet or bitter feeling,
That for aye shall last.

Lonely in the twilight,
Mid day's flicker crowd,
Mind thou'rt ever thinking
To the heart aloud!
Sometimes of the future,
Dreaming what may be
Darkly, darkly shrouded
In its mystery.

Sealed those gilded pages
To thy earnest gaze;
Let the living present
Then direct thy ways,
On its golden moments
Stay the wandering thought;
Bid, with sunny gladness,
All its hours be fraught.

To the fleeting present
Give thy earnest heed;
In the book before thee,
Dreamest, pause and read,
Clasp the past's great volume,
Let the future be
Yet unwrapped and shrouded
In its mystery.

Praise your wife.—Ay, praise your wife!
and not by words only. Why do you
praise any one! to please him, make him
happy? Well, whom do you more wish to
please and to make happy than her on
whom your own happiness depends? So,
praise your wife, man! For, 'just in pro-
portion as you render her happy, you in-
crease your own happiness.' Why not
have your house filled with sunshine and
beauty all the time, when you can do it by
kind feelings and pleasant words, rather
than shut out the cheering and health-giv-
ing light by clouds of churlishness? Your
feelings may be good enough, and you may
have enough of them; but how will they
concocted in the mind? Bring out the
glittering metal, circulate it; its ring will
make music in the house, if it be blended
with other tones. If you can smile, smile
on your wife. You would be indignant, as
you ought to be, if told you did not love
her; then make yourself agreeable to her;
when you praise her, do it in a delicate
way; let her not think others more refined
in heart than her husband. How came she
to love you at first—marry you? Did not
you, by your words and your demeanor,
show an appreciation of her excellencies,
thus praising her? In this way, you at-
tracted her, till she became, with you, one
in heart and interest, one in purpose.—
Having drawn her to yourself by the exer-
cise of attraction, strengthen the union by
a continued exercise of the same affinity.

Praise your wife! Whom should you praise,
if not her? How delicious, once came to
her ears words of praise from your lips!—
How she treasured them in her heart, and
lived on them! Is she less a woman by
becoming your wife? If so, shame on you!
Does she less need the expression of your
love? Never! Words of affection are as
necessary to the perfection of her happi-
ness, to positive enjoyment, as they ever
were, and from you more so, as to you only
she now looks for them. If she ever seek
them from others—should your praise be-
come indifferent to her—blame your own
remissness. You are unpardonable if you
do not prevent her love from declining by
the same means which attracted her to you.

If you respect her rights, regard

NOVELTY, as well as due attention to the greater events of the times, requires some notice of a recent occurrence, never before happening either in fact or in kind to any living people in the enlightened world. On the 27th day of March, Anno Domini 1860, arrived at San Francisco in the American steam frigate Powhatan, an embassy to the United States from the Empire of Japan, the land of the Sun. This should be chronicled as a matter of the greatest importance, though among the swelling waves of political agitation, a good understanding anywhere and especially between the extreme ends of the world, may hardly produce a ripple on the surface of such a political sea. But though four or five thousand miles distant from the Japanese homes, yet the American people are the next neighbors upon whom a call can be made in this direction, and the occasion demands of us to reciprocate in all the kind offices of good neighborhood. Honor to the confidence the East is willing to place in the heart of the West; and may that heart, in regard to such a trust, be always found where it should be.

Prejudices of one race against another, as between distinct nations, ought no longer in this enlightened age to embitter the relations of one toward another. That the Japanese are not equal to Americans, in all respects, is a position which needs not to be proved by a laborious comparison; and yet there may be things, and those of the greatest importance, in which we should admit their excellence. If practice agrees with professions better among them than among us, they are our superiors in a most important trait of character. They would think it most monstrous, no doubt, to favor the policy of a "Maine law," and at the same time act in opposition to its execution. Indeed, their ideas of temperance and of fidelity to religious principle, are truly worthy of general consideration. Intemperance here, may be too much confined to what we shall drink; and not enough as there, extended also to what we shall eat. Camellianism would be not more revolting to them than the devouring of oxen and cows would be to us. And the peculiar savage temper of the English and American race, is no doubt perpetuated by the enormous amount of animal food which they habitually consume. An aristocratic mode of living may neutralize indeed almost all the good effects of liberal principles under the best system of social organization.

But the government of the Japanese, though not the best in itself, may be the best that could be applied to their circumstances. They are one of the great powers in population, and inhabiting a limited territory chiefly composed of three large islands, Nipon the principal one being only a little larger than Great Britain, a rigid system must on all accounts be adhered to as indispensable. The singularity of having two hereditary sovereigns at the same time, does not, after all, differ so much from the practice of other nations as we might at first suppose. One of these sovereigns is over the temporal, and the other over the spiritual concerns of the Empire. The court of the spiritual is at Miako, and the seat of government for temporal affairs is at Yeddo, at the head of which is what we should call the Emperor. The government is like the feudal system of the middle ages. In respect to classes or castes, Japan is more like India than China—not being a colony of China as some suppose, as their language is also radically different from that of the Chinese; and it shows them to be a more insular nation, and there are much more like priests, soldiers, professors, merchants, artisans, laborers. Their administration, as the English would call it, is a Grand Council consisting of five princes and eight nobles. The President of the council is Governor of the Empire. If a measure in Council is referred by the Emperor, it is then referred to three Princes of the blood, and if they concur with the Emperor, the member proposing it is condemned to die, and often the rest of the Council in such a case commit suicide. But if the princes of the blood concur with the Council, the Emperor must abdicate in favor of the heir apparent, because a Japanese Emperor never renounces an opinion. The success of American diplomacy, therefore, in this instance, in the face of such difficulties, is the greatest perhaps on record. The embassy came to exchange at Washington a treaty of commerce. And though the Eastern Kingdom is well supplied with gold, silver, copper, and the peculiar manufactures of that country, yet they are in want of those made of iron and glass, wool and cotton, and whatever may benefit them in their progress in civilization. They are very industrious in agriculture and some other arts, and capable of great endurance—better soldiers than the Chinese, though not trained to war by religious theory, or by a cruel and sanguinary policy. And while the lowest ranks can read and write their own language, the better educated are able even to calculate well. All this is true of a people, who generally sleep on the ground, with pillows of wood a little depressed in the middle to make them more easy to the head.

Still they are not in a state of barbarism, inasmuch as they are uniformly very neat and clean in their economy. And upon Nipon, which is so populous as to be altogether like a rural village, so continuous are their habitations, that they even sweep the highways. The towns are divided into groups of five families in each, and each member of a group is held responsible for all the rest, in relation to the interests of order and good government. This supervision of one over another, and a secret police acting as spies, if the means of preventing traitorous combinations, has a bad effect in causing a feeling of insecurity and distrust and leading to men and treacherous intrigues. Naturally social, they thus become habitually antagonistic to the external world; and foreigners are excluded as a matter of policy, and not from a spontaneous sentiment. And the best proof of this denial of their natural exclusiveness is to be found in their treatment of women, who are made companions there, and not slaves as elsewhere in Asia, and to be bought and sold as chattels for money. They do not allow polygamy. And though the men are known yet, if we may believe the best information we have upon the subject, the women within doors may be called white; and sometimes, possessing the luxury of complexion which most adorns the features, they are even beautiful.

And why did a nation, the most moral and refined in the Eastern world, fall under the reproach of persecuting the practitioners of Christianity? The persecution at the close of the sixteenth century, was not so much a persecution of the faith as of the faithless. They saw a war carried on before their eyes between the Dutch and the Portuguese, both professing to be followers of the Prince of Peace. They had reason to conclude that men of that sect and energy were dangerous worshippers. The fair of ladies proves they were right in their apprehension. They feared a subversion of their government and the oppression of a foreign power. That persecution was therefore political and not

religious. And those guilty of high treason were punished with extermination. In matters purely religious the Japanese are tolerant. All they need is, to have intercourse with a people who know how to practice such a virtue. And it was the good fortune of this country to re-open the channels of commerce so long closed against other nations; and to re-establish between Japan and at least the United States a confidence that should never have been forfeited by Europe. Honor to the cabinet that planned the Japanese expedition of 1852; and honor to the diplomacy that achieved this result in 1860. Let the embassy return, as they desire when their mission is ended, in the American steam frigate Powhatan. They would soon become homesick in this country, unless they should be treated with volcanoes and earthquakes.

THE CITY ELECTION Wednesday last, resulted in the re-election of the present Government; little opposition being offered to those now occupying the positions of Aldermen and Councilmen. For Mayor, however, the case was different, as the friends of each candidate were sanguine of success, and worked with a will. The following is the result as declared by the Board of Aldermen:

FOR MAYOR.

Wards.	1	2	3	4	5	Total.
Wm. H. Cranston,	86	145	167	119	706	613
Seth W. Macy,	126	97	80	117	123	543
Scattering,						8

Whole number, 1169
Majority for Cranston, 57.

CITY COUNCIL.

1st Ward.

FOR ALDERMAN.
James G. Albion, 98 | William E. Crandall, 86
Maj. for Albion, 18.

FIRST COUNCILMAN.
John C. Stoddard, 171 | Thomas T. Carr, 40
Maj. for Stoddard, 130 | Scattering, 1

SECOND COUNCILMAN.
Geo. A. Simmons, 108 | Benj. C. Weaver, 70
Maj. for Simmons, 8 | Thomas King, 30

2d Ward.

FOR ALDERMAN.
James C. Powell, 189 | Scattering, 7
Maj. for Powell, 182

FIRST COUNCILMAN.
Thomas Coggeshall, 194 | Scattering, 7
Maj. for Coggeshall, 187

SECOND COUNCILMAN.
John T. Bush, 195 | Scattering, 6
Maj. for Bush, 189

3d Ward.

FOR ALDERMAN.
John C. Allmon, 178 | Scattering, 1
Maj. for Allmon, 177

FIRST COUNCILMAN.
Robert J. Taylor, 191 | Elected unanimously.

SECOND COUNCILMAN.
Philip Simmons, 189 | Elected unanimously.

4th Ward.

FOR ALDERMAN.
Wm. C. Townsend, 168 | Thomas Spooner, 54
Maj. for Townsend, 98 | Scattering, 1

FIRST COUNCILMAN.
C. W. Underwood, 168 | Benjamin Bateman, 32
Maj. for Underwood, 134 | Scattering, 2

SECOND COUNCILMAN.
Nathan M. Chaffee, 168 | A. B. Copeland, 25
Maj. for Chaffee, 139 | Scattering, 1

5th Ward.

FOR ALDERMAN.
Stephen S. Albion, 145 | Henry B. Horwell, 47
Maj. for Albion, 80 | Henry W. Curtis, 18

FIRST COUNCILMAN.
W. S. Cranston, Jr., 142 | J. Hamilton Clarke, 30
Maj. for Cranston, 66 | Chris. T. Congdon, 26

SECOND COUNCILMAN.
John S. Swinton, 142 | Wm. E. Crandall, 30
Maj. for Swinton, 66 | Chris. T. Congdon, 26

6th Ward.

FOR ALDERMAN.
Wm. S. Cranston, Jr., 142 | J. Hamilton Clarke, 30
Maj. for Cranston, 66 | Chris. T. Congdon, 26

FIRST COUNCILMAN.
John S. Swinton, 142 | Wm. E. Crandall, 30
Maj. for Swinton, 66 | Chris. T. Congdon, 26

SECOND COUNCILMAN.
John S. Swinton, 142 | Wm. E. Crandall, 30
Maj. for Swinton, 66 | Chris. T. Congdon, 26

7th Ward.

FOR ALDERMAN.
Wm. S. Cranston, Jr., 142 | J. Hamilton Clarke, 30
Maj. for Cranston, 66 | Chris. T. Congdon, 26

FIRST COUNCILMAN.
John S. Swinton, 142 | Wm. E. Crandall, 30
Maj. for Swinton, 66 | Chris. T. Congdon, 26

SECOND COUNCILMAN.
John S. Swinton, 142 | Wm. E. Crandall, 30
Maj. for Swinton, 66 | Chris. T. Congdon, 26

8th Ward.

FOR ALDERMAN.
Wm. S. Cranston, Jr., 142 | J. Hamilton Clarke, 30
Maj. for Cranston, 66 | Chris. T. Congdon, 26

FIRST COUNCILMAN.
John S. Swinton, 142 | Wm. E. Crandall, 30
Maj. for Swinton, 66 | Chris. T. Congdon, 26

SECOND COUNCILMAN.
John S. Swinton, 142 | Wm. E. Crandall, 30
Maj. for Swinton, 66 | Chris. T. Congdon, 26

9th Ward.

FOR ALDERMAN.
Wm. S. Cranston, Jr., 142 | J. Hamilton Clarke, 30
Maj. for Cranston, 66 | Chris. T. Congdon, 26

FIRST COUNCILMAN.
John S. Swinton, 142 | Wm. E. Crandall, 30
Maj. for Swinton, 66 | Chris. T. Congdon, 26

SECOND COUNCILMAN.
John S. Swinton, 142 | Wm. E. Crandall, 30
Maj. for Swinton, 66 | Chris. T. Congdon, 26

10th Ward.

FOR ALDERMAN.
Wm. S. Cranston, Jr., 142 | J. Hamilton Clarke, 30
Maj. for Cranston, 66 | Chris. T. Congdon, 26

FIRST COUNCILMAN.
John S. Swinton, 142 | Wm. E. Crandall, 30
Maj. for Swinton, 66 | Chris. T. Congdon, 26

SECOND COUNCILMAN.
John S. Swinton, 142 | Wm. E. Crandall, 30
Maj. for Swinton, 66 | Chris. T. Congdon, 26

11th Ward.

FOR ALDERMAN.
Wm. S. Cranston, Jr., 142 | J. Hamilton Clarke, 30
Maj. for Cranston, 66 | Chris. T. Congdon, 26

FIRST COUNCILMAN.
John S. Swinton, 142 | Wm. E. Crandall, 30
Maj. for Swinton, 66 | Chris. T. Congdon, 26

SECOND COUNCILMAN.
John S. Swinton, 142 | Wm. E. Crandall, 30
Maj. for Swinton, 66 | Chris. T. Congdon, 26

12th Ward.

FOR ALDERMAN.
Wm. S. Cranston, Jr., 142 | J. Hamilton Clarke, 30
Maj. for Cranston, 66 | Chris. T. Congdon, 26

FIRST COUNCILMAN.
John S. Swinton, 142 | Wm. E. Crandall, 30
Maj. for Swinton, 66 | Chris. T. Congdon, 26

SECOND COUNCILMAN.
John S. Swinton, 142 | Wm. E. Crandall, 30
Maj. for Swinton, 66 | Chris. T. Congdon, 26

13th Ward.

FOR ALDERMAN.
Wm. S. Cranston, Jr., 142 | J. Hamilton Clarke, 30
Maj. for Cranston, 66 | Chris. T. Congdon, 26

FIRST COUNCILMAN.
John S. Swinton, 142 | Wm. E. Crandall, 30
Maj. for Swinton, 66 | Chris. T. Congdon, 26

SECOND COUNCILMAN.
John S. Swinton, 142 | Wm. E. Crandall, 30
Maj. for Swinton, 66 | Chris. T. Congdon, 26

14th Ward.

FOR ALDERMAN.
Wm. S. Cranston, Jr., 142 | J. Hamilton Clarke, 30
Maj. for Cranston, 66 | Chris. T. Congdon, 26

FIRST COUNCILMAN.
John S. Swinton, 142 | Wm. E. Crandall, 30
Maj. for Swinton, 66 | Chris. T. Congdon, 26

SECOND COUNCILMAN.
John S. Swinton, 142 | Wm. E. Crandall, 30
Maj. for Swinton, 66 | Chris. T. Congdon, 26

15th Ward.

FOR ALDERMAN.
Wm. S. Cranston, Jr., 142 | J. Hamilton Clarke, 30
Maj. for Cranston, 66 | Chris. T. Congdon, 26

FIRST COUNCILMAN.
John S. Swinton, 142 | Wm. E. Crandall, 30
Maj. for Swinton, 66 | Chris. T. Congdon, 26

SECOND COUNCILMAN.
John S. Swinton, 142 | Wm. E. Crandall, 30
Maj. for Swinton, 66 | Chris. T. Congdon, 26

16th Ward.

FOR ALDERMAN.
Wm. S. Cranston, Jr., 142 | J. Hamilton Clarke, 30
Maj. for Cranston, 66 | Chris. T. Congdon, 26

FIRST COUNCILMAN.
John S. Swinton, 142 | Wm. E. Crandall, 30
Maj. for Swinton, 66 | Chris. T. Congdon, 26

SECOND COUNCILMAN.
John S. Swinton, 142 | Wm. E. Crandall, 30
Maj. for Swinton, 66 | Chris. T. Congdon, 26

17th Ward.

FOR ALDERMAN.
Wm. S. Cranston, Jr., 142 | J. Hamilton Clarke, 30
Maj. for Cranston, 66 | Chris. T. Congdon, 26

FIRST COUNCILMAN.
John S. Swinton, 142 | Wm. E. Crandall, 30
Maj. for Swinton, 66 | Chris. T. Congdon, 26

SECOND COUNCILMAN.
John S. Swinton, 142 | Wm. E. Crandall, 30
Maj. for Swinton, 66 | Chris. T. Congdon, 26

The only great change in the affairs of Europe, which it seems necessary to notice as a matter of news from that quarter during the last week, is the rather new attitude of the English Ministry towards Louis Napoleon. The speech of JOHN RUSSELL in the British Parliament evidently shows that the opposition are availing themselves of an opportunity to create alarm, and to rouse the fears of the nation against the Emperor. Unfortunately there is so few of the population in the British Empire at home who are capable of education, profession, or fortune, to pay sufficient attention to public affairs, and that so much is left entirely to the interested influence of a most powerful aristocracy. The Tories are able at any time to raise a storm against France, and it appears they have now succeeded, so far at least as to make it politic for the Ministry to express a strong dissatisfaction with the course pursued by the Emperor in relation to Savoy. But it was probably his intention to have the control of Tuscany, when he disclaimed the purpose of annexing Savoy; and that it was only after Tuscany had disposed of herself otherwise, that he claimed to extend the frontiers of France to the summit of the Alps.

Dynasties ought to be careful not to oppose too strenuously any arrangements of this kind, when brought about by mutual consent, and according to the natural preference of peoples. Because the great rule should be to make every thing of this sort to comport with the happiness of nations. But who shall enforce this rule? This is the great question for Europe. Governments without consulting the peoples have done this business for them, according to the pleasure of governments. But it does not follow, that because government has always done so, this government will always continue to do so. In 1815, how many annexations were made by diplomacy at Vienna, and contrary to the wishes of peoples? Then and there were annexed, Norway to Sweden, Belgium to Holland, Poland to Russia, Saxony to Prussia, Italy to Austria, Genoa to Piedmont. Governments at best act only according to their own intelligence—but nations can dispose of themselves in a legitimate manner only through the will of the mass.

The question would be a fair one to propound to the English public, whether changes should be made by nationalities, or in the cabinets and congresses of dynasties? And we might ask, which would be safer for the existing order of things in Europe? It is not strange that the enemies of popular control in public affairs, should be alarmed at the mention of such an element, in diplomatic or parliamentary discussion, as popular power. Indeed, the times are critical for such a party even in Europe. Hereditary governments were saved at last, (they should remember,) when NAPOLEON I. had them in his power, from utter extinction, under the superior protection which they derived from the attachment of national sentiment. It was not the Prussian government, but the Prussian people who gave the signal at that time for the German insurrection against France. Did not General Grouchy range himself on the side of national feeling against France, in opposition to the Cabinet of his government at Berlin? Where, then, was the conservatism of superior intelligence? But it may be said, that the tactics of NAPOLEON III. cannot fail to profit by the lessons of history, and that he is endeavoring to secure in advance the support, the voluntary support, of the peoples.

That may be so. But if so, and if he succeeds in that, it will be in vain to attempt to oppose him by force, or by a coalition of Cabinets. A new power has arisen in Europe, as elsewhere, called public opinion. In political affairs it is such a constitution of government, or growing, and triumphant in Italy; as the foundation of the Sardinian Kingdom was laid in 1848, under the control of this power. Why should Great Britain be disturbed by the progress of freedom? Other governments may take the alarm, and they have more reason to fear now than even they had under the first NAPOLEON. There is already such a thing, in contemplation of law, as a British constitution. It might be written out in form, without changing its nature, and without losing its force or its excellence. War would not ensure its safety. No; the English should range themselves on the side of liberal and popular institutions everywhere, to perpetuate all that is good in their government. They have a glory to save, as well as a glory to gain. Great Britain might become, by the support on this occasion, of the cause of mankind, more glorious for her influence among nations on the continent, than she has ever been for the power she has wielded over the ocean.

REAL ESTATE SALES have been exceedingly brisk of late and property amounting to a considerable sum has changed hands.

About three hundred and twelve acres of the Castle Hill and Pine Neck Farms, owned by Messrs. Peleg and William A. Clark, have been sold to Mr. Robert L. Kennedy, of New York for \$32,000.

Mr. Joseph L. Bailey and Mr. Henry Ball, have sold half of the lot on the corner of East Tenth and Jones streets, to Mr. Alfred Smith for \$9,000.

Mr. J. Sayer Gardner has sold to Mrs. Sarah A. Hunt, his estate on Mann Avenue for \$8,000. The lot is 100x125 feet with a fine mansion house nearly new.

Mr. Walden Pell of New York, has purchased of Philip J. Jacobson, his estate on Greenwich Place, for \$3,075. The lot is 100 feet square with a good mansion house. Mr. Pell has also purchased of Mr. A. Robinson, Jr., and Mr. D. T. Swinburne, 9,888 feet of land, fronting on Greenwich Court, for \$1,614.67.

Mr. James Henderson has sold the house and lot No. 36, Prospect Hill street, to Mr. Benjamin H. Taylor, for \$2,900. The lot is 94 x 12 by 36 feet, and the house has been built but a few years.

The heirs of Paul Overing, dec'd, have sold a lot of land on Spring street, to Mr. William Geraghty, for \$875.

Marshall C. Stinson was chosen Senior Warden in place of John H. O'Brien, resigned.

R. R. Hazard, Jr., of Newbury, in place of Benjamin Finch resigned; David King, 3d; Henry Bull, 3d; Charles Hunter, 3d; Marshall C. Stinson, 3d; J. D. Ogden, 3d, in place of Samuel King, resigned; William E. Dennis, 3d, in place of Job T. Langley, resigned; Henry Tiffin, 3d, in place of John C. Carr, resigned; W. C. Gibbs, 3d, in place of George C. Mason, resigned; Moses Norman, 3d; Henry A. Wright, 3d, in place of John N. Potter, resigned.

Henry Bull, Treasurer, in place of Job T. Langley, resigned.

The alarm of fire yesterday proceeded from the residence of GEORGE HALL, Esq., Broad street, a spark from a bon fire in an adjoining yard having fallen upon the roof and set it on fire. It was extinguished with but little difficulty.

Fire was set to the barn of Mr. WILKES D. UNDERWOOD on Wednesday evening, but it was discovered and extinguished before it had an opportunity to do much damage.

A MONKISH Colony exists in Wheeling, Va., and has succeeded in making about forty of the citizens converts to the new faith.

WHEN, from any cause, property is destroyed, sympathy for the owners of that property is naturally felt, and when by such mishap hundreds of citizens are deprived of their means of maintenance, the sympathy is two-fold. Such is the feeling in our community at the present time, caused by the destruction of the Woollen Mill on Tuesday night.

The fire broke out in the east end of the attic about 10 o'clock, and the grease and waste cotton furnished material for the spread of the flames, which soon enveloped the entire building, and gave no hope whatever of saving the structure. The firemen, as on all previous occasions, were quick at work, and with a determination to do their best, grappled with the destructive element in every manner which seemed to favor their object. For six hours they labored, and then had the satisfaction of knowing that they had accomplished more than could have been anticipated at the commencement. The Mill was a mass of ruins, but nothing beyond was in any way damaged, save the tearing down of fences. Although in close proximity to the mill there are many houses, none were damaged, not even the tenement house which stands but eight feet from the southeast corner of the burnt building; so close even, that many timbers rested upon it when the factory fell. It was a hard task, but skillfully managed, and has added materially to the well merited tribute of our noble firemen.

From what cause the fire originated it is impossible to conjecture. Mr. JAMES W. CURTIS, the Agent, passed through every section of the mill three-quarters of an hour before the fire broke out, and no small part of the property was in the room where the fire took, and the only possible conclusion to come at is, that a nail or some substance of like nature, in passing through the picker, made a spark and ignited the cotton, which being thrown together would smolder for some hours without being discovered. No fire or light had been in that part of the mill and no idea is entertained that it was the work of an incendiary.

The mill, sheds, land, &c., was valued at from \$20,000 to \$23,000, and was insured for \$10,000; \$8,000 on the mill and machinery, and \$2,000 on the stock, equally divided between Merchants, American, Atlantic and Hope offices, Providence. The property remaining uninsured is worth about \$7,000, so that the direct loss to the owners is small, but as they found ready market for all their goods, their loss extends beyond the valuation of the property destroyed.

This mill, which has been in use for the manufacture of woollen goods since 1837, has produced employment for about fifty hands and distributed \$1500 per month, or at least this was the number of hands employed, and the amount of capital required for the monthly payment at the time of its destruction. Previous to the purchase of this mill by Messrs. SAMUEL RODMAN & SONS, it had been in operation three times, but since they have owned it, or since it has been under the charge of Mr. JAMES W. CURTIS, some ten years, it has not been on fire, but the cotton waste, which was spread on the platforms outside of the mill has been set on fire by boys, but on no occasion has there been cause for an alarm, as a few buckets of water would extinguish it before the fire could reach any building.

We are pleased to learn from one of the owners, that another building will be erected of stone or brick by another year, as the profits arising from their manufactures in this city have been satisfactory. And our wish is, that prosperity may attend them, and that a portion of it may be perceptible within our limits.

A Rome correspondent of the Boston Transcript notices the recent assault made by the armed police of Rome upon a citizen of this state, who is sojourning in the "eternal city," as follows:

"A young friend of mine, Mr. W. H. Hall, son of Rev. Edward B. Hall, D. D., of Providence, R. I., was calmly walking with a friend, Mr. Hill, when he heard behind him the cry, and saw a people running toward him. He followed the example, and then, when he jumped into an open gate or portico, he did not get within before receiving a stroke upon his shoulder with the blade of a sword; he turned short, and looking into his assailant's face, said, 'Americano!' to which the brute replied, 'Non m'importa!'—that's nothing to me—and gave him a second stroke, this time on the edge of the blade, which cut through his hat and into his forehead, between the temple and the eye—a slight wound but narrow escape from a fatal result. The American Consul, Mr. Glenworth, was also struck at, and the blow would have settled his mortal affairs, had not his companion, a French officer, raised his arm and received the force of the stroke intended for Glenworth's skull."

A correspondent of the Providence Journal says Rome is going from bad to worse in respect to the honesty of its inhabitants. If it was not before, it is rapidly becoming a den of thieves. He says—

"One of the most daring cases of highway robbery was practiced upon Mr. Joseph P. Hazard, of Rhode Island, within the past week. Mr. Hazard was returning to his hotel, between five and six o'clock in the evening, when he was set upon by three men at the corner of the Corso and the Via Condotti, and his valuable gold watch snatched from his pocket. Mr. Hazard being a powerful, resolute man, and not disposed to be robbed of his property in open day, gave battle to his assailants. He succeeded in seizing and holding on to two of the secondaries for some minutes, determined to make sure, if possible, of the one who held the watch. He did not succeed, however, and all three escaped. Although it was broad-day light, and the streets were thronged with people passing and going, the robbers did not stop to be robbed of his property in open day, gave battle to his assailants. 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